

TOC H JOURNAL

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The Irregular Branch

AS THIS ISSUE of the JOURNAL sets out upon its whole-time staff of Toc H in the United Kingdom will be deep in its annual Conference. Its members, to the tune of fifty, will be living together in a Cambridge college for the inside of the first week of September. But there is nothing academic about their deliberations. In their thinking about the job today the staff will no doubt draw on their experience of yesterday, but they will be still more concerned about tomorrow.

The plenary sessions of the Conference each day and its seven discussion groups are not all that happens. 'Off duty' hours count, not least at night when men sit together in college rooms, brewing tea and burning light to scandalous hours. For these few precious days are the best, almost the only, opportunity in the year for the staff as a whole to enjoy the fellowship of a true Branch of Toc H.

Our Royal Charter in solemn phrases defines a "regular" Branch; it has nothing to say about something as irregular but as undoubted as this. Yet there is nothing unique about it. A handful of Toc H men finding themselves together as shipmates or fellow prisoners-of-war have achieved this unauthorised Branch status before now. 'Gobbleston' and 'Bestwick' are names of unrecorded but very lively Branches which only existed for weeks, except in the memories and actions of the mixed bag of members who formed them. Our present Central Executive, holding its first meeting in the Quaker atmosphere of Jordans hostel, had an "experience" which still makes them the 'Jordans Branch'. These units figure in no list, but their existence has been genuine. For Toc H comes to life, not by virtue of organisation but wherever men are united in a spirit which cannot be denied.

The booklet "GEN", a study of ARTHUR PETTIFER, M.M., by Tubby, has long been out-of-print. A new edition, from which the following excerpt is taken, is now in the press and copies will shortly be available.

Salute to "The Gen"

SINCE PETTIFER FIRST CROSSED the Straits of Dover late in the summer of 1914 on rather pressing business with the Kaiser, as Private A., No. 239, The Buffs, the Channel tides have murmured, or have thundered, according to their mood, round the white cliffs for well-nigh forty years of chance and change, immoderate hopes, pursued by disappointment and frustration; thus we are even in this plight today. Tides take but little notice of the tempers of human beings. They have their duties, ebbing and flowing in the strictest manner, in due accordance with the tidal charts.

Old Comrades

Thirty-nine years ago the 1st Battalion The Buffs decided in their wisdom to appoint a modest veteran in their rank and file to be the keeper of a small, rotund and most unmilitary clergyman. This clergyman has never ceased to learn lessons from his old comrade and adviser, who (by the direct order of Lord Cavan, when he was Chief of the Imperial Staff in 1921) became Senior Vice-President of Toc H Inc. Cavan would not accept a like position, were Private P. not senior to himself. While the Executive of those far days needed no bidding, since "The Gen" was known throughout the then Toc H in his true colours, and a small house in Tottenham was presented by all and sundry as his residence, it is most natural that the tides of Time, like those which rise and fall through Dover Straits, should have today made the young members wonder and search in vain the pages of *Who's Who* for Private Pettifer, Vice-President of Toc H. *Who's Who* is not the place wherein to find a self-respecting Cockney. But he can still be found in his own home, where Mrs. P. is ready all day long to brew a cup of Sergeant-Major's tea—and let me here announce the well-known fact that in a cup for Company Sergeant-Majors a reputable spoon will stand erect, but in a cup prepared for R.S.M.'s the spoon retains the angle of insertion, and stands aslant, leaning against the tea.

Of course we came together to Tower Hill upon December 12, 1922, and from that date until 1951 "The Gen" performed his arduous daily duties. Father O'Flynn has in a certain ballad talents so varied that the song was written; but Pettifer's whole life on Tower Hill has been the poem of a Cockney Christian. Eminent magnates, down and out adherents, fish porters, draymen, street cleaners and savants have gladly passed the time of day with him, or lingered for a while to learn his wisdom.

Proper alignment

Generals must have their pay, however small. Towards his salary a booklet was written and published as a *Bangwen** in 1931, when it achieved a measure of success, somewhat enhancing the Church gardener's stipend; for by this date Pettifer had discovered that even an old churchyard in the City, on which the soot of centuries has fallen, can be transformed into a paradise. When this idea was first discussed with him, he openly demurred, for the first time. Indeed, he stated with some emphasis that he was not a gardener, born or made, and prophesied disaster to the cause. This rare depression very soon receded, when he discovered he could plant in rows, front rank and rear rank properly aligned. He then took heart of grace and forged ahead. He very soon developed those green fingers which caused most unexpected slips and cuttings to root and to succeed among the cinders, which substitute themselves for Mother Earth. Then bedding plants arrived, brought up in shy succession from the suburbs by business men who boasted of their gardens; until Pettifer's command and small domain came to reflect his optimistic spirit.

Pace forward

But still he lacked a fountain and a basin, wherein goldfish could be suitably rewarded with ants' eggs, poured in packets on their ceiling while they performed their proper evolutions.

At last there came a day on which our hero rose to his fullest height in history. Lord Irwin (as he then was) came to preach from the old pulpit on a Monday midday, and then came out (at Pettifer's invitation) to share the aftermath in the church Garden. Here Pettifer had built with his own hands a perfectly inimitable fountain, constructed in

* "Bang went saxpence, mainly in whiskey and cigars"



TUBBY AND 'GEN' IN 1928
(ex-Private Pettifer, M.M., Tubby's friend and batman since 1915)

accordance with his free fancy of shells of all descriptions stuck in concrete, surmounted by a bowl designed to be a bird-bath for the sootiest London sparrows, who would there deign to bathe before they fed. While the tall figure of our President, Viceroy of India, towered in the background, our first Vice-President took one pace forward and called upon the winner of the Doggett Coat and Badge to play his part. This young man then stepped forward with good grace out of the ranks of those illustrious veterans who most majestically line the stairs in honour of the guests of the Fishmongers. A breathless silence spread among the throng, as he then turned the tap which caused the fountain for the first time to seek its natural exit, defying every law of gravity. This gracious rain bedewed a few spectators, but otherwise descended where desired into the upper bird-bath. Then this bird-bath happily overflowed in the proscribed manner until every shell received, and then emitted, its contribution to the lower basin; where goldfish, with some kindred who had gone right off the gold standard, swam round and round as to the manner born. Pettifer did not deign to make a speech. Why should he speak when he was satisfied? And from that moment onwards all was well.

How little we foresaw upon that day that this same bird-bath would in 1940 be subject to a bomb at 2 a.m. upon December 8. In point of fact, the bomb just missed the bird-bath, which remained until the rebuilding of the Church began. Then came the day when Pettifer's pure art had to be sacrificed and laid aside, so that the building yard could be created whence the contractors could fulfil their duties.

Unchanged spirit

"The Gen", as he is known all round these parts, comes up to see us on Tower Hill each week. He is not so strong today; but the same spirit animates his nature, and he makes friends with everyone in turn, known or unknown, without the slightest hitch. His conversational abilities embrace all ranks and ages of mankind. Complaints are foreign to his character, and his old eyes observe what others miss, enabling him to meet all situations. Scraps of old Cockney humour flow from him, snippets of tunes and songs from music halls back in the Naughty Nineties; serious moments and very simple penetrating statements of Christian Faith and righteousness occur. On three occasions in our forty years of

intimate and almost daily friendship I have heard him quote a saying of Our Lord's with an innate approval in his tone. Twice he has made up messages for me urging my bedtime or the gift of patience, naming Our Lord as his authority. This faith was taught at his mother's knee. He took me once to see her at Old Ford not long before she died, aged ninety-two. Now that Australia looms ahead for me during the final months of '52, I lean upon the prayers and meditations of the best Cockney I have ever known. It is to Pettifer we owe Toc H. He was indeed the first admitted member. Then he admitted me, at my request.

TUBBY.

A simple statement by Sir GILES SQUIRE (Central Executive), lately returned from a visit to Africa, of the problem of Central African Federation, a much-debated issue of the moment which (as the July JOURNAL pointed out) is a responsibility of all of us as British citizens.

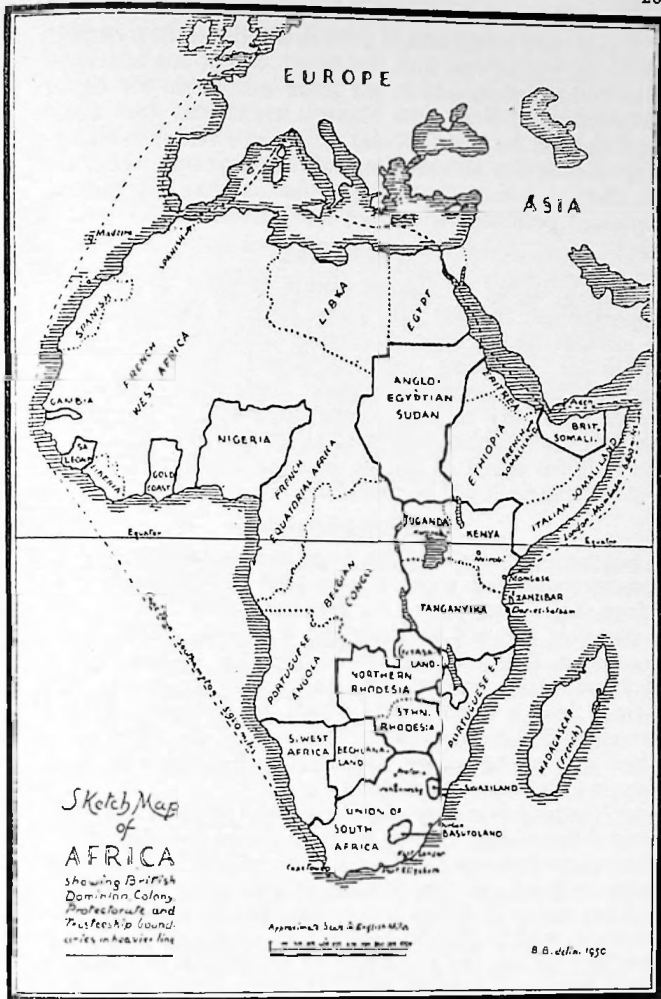
Our Responsibility

IN THE LAST ISSUE of the JOURNAL readers were reminded of their responsibility as voters for the policy to be adopted in the matter of federation for Central Africa. Obviously if we are to come to a right conclusion we must try to think fairly; and to do this we must first know something of the facts.

The Territories concerned

Central Africa is composed of the three territories of Northern and Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland.

SOUTHERN RHODESIA, which lies immediately to the north of the Transvaal Province of the Union of South Africa is a *self-governing Dominion* subject only to control from London in certain aspects of native policy. It has a fine climate, and during the past sixty years has been developed by the enterprise of its British settlers from the most primitive conditions to its present position as a prosperous and progressive, though mainly agricultural, community.



NORTHERN RHODESIA is climatically less suitable for white settlement but is extremely rich in minerals. The white population there is mainly connected with the copper and other mines, and its members are not permanent settlers.

NYASALAND to the east is a much smaller territory bordering on Lake Nyasa, hot and low-lying, except for a very small area of highlands, and in the main unsuitable for European colonisation. Both the latter territories are *Colonies*, administered by the Colonial Office in London which is, as elsewhere in the British Empire, in the position of a trustee for the inhabitants until such time as they are sufficiently advanced politically to govern themselves.

The Problem

Largely owing to the enormous increase in the African population in the last fifty years, each of these territories is at present faced with economic difficulties for which its individual resources are insufficient (and this applies particularly to Southern Rhodesia). Some form of closer union would be a very real aid to the prosperity of the area as a whole. The problem is how to effect this in such a way that the political rights of all the interests concerned, European and African, will not be prejudiced.

Conflicting Opinions

Southern Rhodesia, which at present is very closely linked commercially and economically with the Union of South Africa, fears that, failing the formation of a Central African Federation, she will be forced by economic necessity to join the Union, thus bringing all the unhappy political problems of South Africa into territory that has so far largely escaped them. Such a development would be strongly opposed by British and Africans alike. This fear is the chief stimulus which drives Rhodesians, under the leadership of Sir Godfrey Huggins, to press for federation now.

In Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, British and African views differ widely. White settlers support the idea of federation as they fear that the British Government may be in such a hurry to hand over its responsibilities to the Africans, as it is doing today in West Africa, that British interests in these territories will be largely disregarded. Africans, however, are unwilling to lose the protection of the British Colonial Office which they now enjoy.

The Proposals

Negotiations over a period of years, culminating in the recent conference in London, have been concerned to devise a method by which the economic advantages of closer union may

be obtained without prejudicing the legitimate political interests of either white or black. As might have been expected from what has been written above, the Africans from Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland declined to take any part in the conference, while those from Southern Rhodesia tried to find some solution that would both save them from the fate of their brethren in the Union and secure for them a fair share in the future administration of their own country.

The proposals that have now been put forward in the White Paper for further consideration provide for separate governments of the three territories to continue more or less on the present lines, with a federal legislature to link them together and to deal with certain subjects of common interest to all. African interest are to be safeguarded by the creation of an *African Affairs Board* independent of the federal government, which would ensure that no legislation which might be detrimental to African interests could be passed until it had been referred to the British Government.

Thinking Fairly

All sorts of opinions have been and are being expressed about these proposals. Africans are still suspicious or even openly hostile. They fear that the safeguards proposed will in practice be ineffective. Many Southern Rhodesian settlers on the other hand oppose the safeguards as undue interference with their existing rights. Some British critics urge that nothing should be done which does not carry African opinion with it. Others think that the British Government, as guardians of the Africans, have the same duty as any other guardian to decide what is honestly best for their wards, and to put their decisions into effect, even though the wards themselves may not agree. They point to the successive steps by which India achieved self-government, all of which were taken in the teeth of the fiercest opposition from Indians themselves. Others again say that no immediate change is called for, and that things should be allowed to go on as they are.

There are many other considerations, too numerous to mention in a brief article, which prompt individuals to support or oppose the present scheme; but these are, very briefly, the salient facts. It is hoped that enough has been said to provoke thought and to provide material for profitable debate in Toc H Branches.

G.S.

Areas Un-surveyed: Montreal—Canada

GENTLY SLOPING FIELDS and babbling brooks are to be found in abundance in the Areas Surveyed Series published in the JOURNAL, and when the Editor asks "What do we hear from over there?" we are only too pleased to reply. Canada, that large Dominion with its towering mountains, endless plains, raging rivers, its boundless resources of minerals, timber, game and fish, to all these are now added rapidly-expanding industries and commerce. However, as we are neither Immigration Officers, nor do we speak for Toc H in Canada, but Toc H Montreal, we will confine ourselves to our area only.

Montreal, the metropolis of the Dominion, is situated on an island, formed by the merging of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers, this being the reason for its very existence. The hinterland is surrounded by the Laurentian mountain chain, to the east flows the St. Lawrence into the Atlantic; to the west a system of rivers and lakes connect us to the Western Prairies, and to the south are the United States. British and French Forces battled for this area till General Wolfe decided the issue and one of the clauses of the peace treaty was the settlement of British merchants on the island of Montreal, in those days merely a military outpost. And today it is Montreal which handles the incoming and outgoing ships, as Canada's largest port; it is from Montreal that the two giant railway systems branch out across the three thousand miles to the west coast. All overseas air communications are centred on Montreal, and St. James Street is to Canada what the 'City' is to England.

Over to you

The metropolitan area of Montreal has two million inhabitants, two-thirds of whom speak French, and one-third English. Amongst them are thirty members of Toc H, unfortunately not all active. Toc H in Montreal once comprised several Branches and groups, but partly due to the last war and its general dislocations and upheavals, partly due to local conditions and, of course, our own lack of initiative, we are not very strong today. But there is a core of 'old-hands',



Montreal spreads about the foot of Mount Royal on the shores of the St. Lawrence

some very much so I am afraid, and we are sure to regain our colours once more. And here is where you come in. Have you ever considered coming to British North America to take part in building this cornerstone of the Empire; or do you belong to those who prefer 'to stay at home'?

Making sure

Canada has opportunities for most men and women. Naturally you can't have your cake and eat it, and there are things which you will miss over here. On the other hand, there is offered so much, that the balance is usually favourable. There will be no brass band to welcome you, but a humble member of Toc H to say 'Hello'. Before we do that, however, you ought to be quite sure of your chances here, and we of Montreal Toc H will do our best to give you advice and information about particular conditions and all the odds and ends. If you should be interested in the possibility of coming to Canada, just drop a line to: George Fenning, Hon. Secretary Toc H, 4841, St. Catherine Street West, Montreal, P.Q., Canada. Of course we demand payment, every labourer is worth his hire; we want you to take part in our Toc H activities in Montreal.

M.R.



The 'gang' on top of Sergeant Man, above Windermere

The Twenties Camps

IF THERE WAS ROOM at the Twenties Camps this summer for more of the sixteen to thirty-year-olds, there was no lack of spirit and enjoyment, or of promise for the rejuvenation of Toc H. One party spent a week at the Langdale Estate, living and talking and climbing the Lakeland hills together. They limbered up with a quiet amble on the Sunday. By the end of the week they were 2,500 feet up on High White Stones, looking down into the Borrowdale Valley on one side and across the Cumberland coast to the distant Isle of Man on the other. In the evenings, deliciously drowsy, they talked together, nursing a blister here and there, said their prayers and slipped into bed to wake next morning for another glorious day.

Much the same was the experience of the other party at Hawkshill, except that the greatest heights to be attempted were the keep of Dover Castle and the cliffs and caves of St. Margaret's Bay. They went on pilgrimage to Canterbury and they walked and talked on the cliff-tops, in sight of France across the Straits. Outside their tents at nightfall they watched the twinkling lights that guard the Goodwin Sands, in the foreground the woods and gardens of Walmer Castle.

Toc H had provided the conditions in which these men could share a real experience; Nature did the rest. It was well worth doing, and it was well done.

County Show

THE BARE ANNOUNCEMENT contained in a local newspaper that Toc H would again be taking part in the Royal Norfolk Show, prompted me to drop a note to the Area Secretary asking for a brief report and a couple of photographs: (The Editorial Office is always begging for such pictures showing Toc H 'in action'.) Two days later a reply came from Reg. saying that he would furnish 'copy'; but his note carried a sting in its tail, for a postscript suggested that it would be good for this Editorial half-section to quit the office chair for once and experience Toc H 'in action' at first hand.

Temporary township

Stifling a strong desire to answer back with a crushing recital of past jobs performed, together with what one hoped would be a telling reference to Services Club work overseas. I decided to accept the challenge—I mean 'invitation', and for three days in June the grime of Francis Street was exchanged for Norfolk's green fields. At this distance of time it's hard to recall just what I expected to find, for this was my first experience of a County Show; but, I was certainly unprepared for the sight of a temporary township covering many acres of parkland at Ravenham Park, not far from Norwich.

Tent interior

When I arrived, over 250 stands were being put up to display "everything for the farmer" from huge combine harvesters down to farm toys for his children. Although a stand-still order, made to combat foot-and-mouth disease, had robbed the Show of all cattle, more than three hundred horses had been entered and at the end of long lines of stabling for sturdy Shires and Percherons the Toc H marquee had already been pitched. The inner walls of this long tent were hung with banners from some of the Toc H Branches in Norfolk. I counted twenty-one of them, and they made a brave and colourful show in themselves. In one corner a display stand set out the story of Toc H and—apart from a trestle-table for cakes and pies and tea—small tables and deck-chairs were the only other furnishings.

A few days before the Show was due to open, when the ban on cattle was first made known, with the consequent absence of the stockmen for whom the Toc H tent was primarily intended, it was at first doubted whether a real need for this service still remained. But arrangements were already far advanced and the members, hoping for the best, decided to carry on. I'm glad they did so, for during seventy-two strenuous hours I saw ample evidence to justify both their optimism and the worth of the undertaking.

Night life

It was late at night and in the early morning hours that the Toc H tent really came to life. From 8 p.m., till 7.30 a.m., a stream of 'customers' trickled through its canvas doorway; some to swallow hastily a bite of food and others, with more leisure, to sit stretched out in the comparative luxury of a deck-chair reading the day before's newspapers. They were, if anything, even more varied than the men met with in wartime Services Clubs and in the wee sma' hours, when the last of the Show's visitors had long since left, Everyman's Club was no longer a pipe-dream.

Outside the tent all was quiet and still, the summer night's silence being broken only as a distant church clock clanged the hour or by the fretful pounding of a hoof in the nearby stables. A steady buzz of conversation came from the little knots of seated men; odd chapters from Everyman's story, being told in many accents. The county policeman, now *sans* helmet and with loosened tunic, was back once again with the Palestinian Gendarmerie and a wiry stand erector talked of the days when he performed parachute stunts with Sir Alan Cobham's air circus. A Fire Service officer—the Show had its own fire station—yarned of Birmingham in the blitz, while an A.A. official recalled how an Old House in Flanders had warmly welcomed him and met a young soldier's need over thirty years before.

Working party

During the day, members of Toc H Women's Association held the fort and ensured a welcome to visitors. While their thoughts on male methods of kitchen management were for the most part unuttered, no soiled tea towel or dirtied utensil escaped their vigilant eyes and vigorous hands. The night shift of Toc H members from local Branches

took over after their ordinary day's work was done. They came prepared to do the humblest chores throughout the night before making an early start to be back on their jobs the next day. Not their least contribution was the 'atmosphere' they brought with them. Here, in rich variety of age and experience, were the schoolmaster and the engineer, the



"In one corner a display stand set out the story of 'Toe H'"

chemist, the bank clerk and the farmer, teamed together in a common task that left one in no doubt as to its purpose or its value to the Showground community.

Other opportunities

Many similar County Shows are held throughout Britain during the summer months and at only a few of them is a Toe H tent to be seen. Should opportunity for such a venture exist in your part of the country more detailed information will be needed than is given here. Long-term planning and much hard graft is necessary if the job is to run smoothly and both Reg. Smith (*East Anglian Area Secretary*) and John Durham (*Kent, Surrey and Sussex Area Padre*) have intimate experience of the work involved. If either of them were to be asked if the job is worth doing, I fancy that I already know their response.

CHES.



The Elder BRETHREN

There be of them that have left a name behind them. And some there be which have no memorial. But these were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten. Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore.—Ecclesiasticus, xlv.

BARTLETT.—On June 3, ARCHIBALD THOMAS REUBEN BARTLETT, aged 64, a member of Newton Abbot Branch. Elected 30.7.'30.

BECKLEY.—On June 2, suddenly at Montreal, LESLIE BECKLEY, formerly on the staff of All Hallows.

BEER.—On June 3, JOSEPH WILLIAM BEER, aged 59, a member of Penzance Branch. Elected 8.5.'42.

BENNETT.—On July 5, ERNEST HENRY GEORGE BENNETT ('Uncle Ben'), aged 76, a member of Framlingham Branch. Elected 29.9.'34.

BOWLES.—On June 7, REGINALD SHARP BOWLES, aged 70, a member of Llandudno Branch. Elected 18.11.'49.

BRINDED.—On July 13, LEONARD J. A. BRINDED, aged 42, a member of Great Yarmouth Branch. Elected 14.4.'37.

BRUCE.—On February 2, Rev. ARCHIBALD R. T. BRUCE, aged 78, a member of Verwood Branch. Elected 14.6.'38.

COPE.—On May 18, JOHN COPE, aged 41, a member of Morden Branch. Elected 30.5.'51.

CUBITT-SMITH.—On June 1, in a road accident, WILLIAM EDWARD CUBITT-SMITH, aged 23, a member of Maidenhead Branch. Elected 11.8.'49.

FLUX.—On July 15, THOMAS ARTHUR FLUX, aged 40, a member of Bristol Branch. Elected 17.5.'33.

GOSCHEN.—On July 24, GEORGE JOACHIM, second Viscount GOSCHEN, P.C., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., C.B.E., V.D., aged 86, formerly Chairman of South-Eastern Area Executive, a Vice-President of Toc H since 1932.

HUNTLEY.—On June 19, Rev. ROBERT STUART HUNTLEY, aged 57, a member of Bloxwich Branch. Elected 5.7.'30.

MAYNE.—On June 19, EDWARD ALEXANDER MAYNE, aged 43, a member of Duncairn Branch, Belfast. Elected 18.9.'31.

MORRIS.—On June 30, EDWARD CUNNINGHAM MORRIS, aged 50, a member of Llanllwch (Carmarthen) Branch. Elected 20.1.'47.

SAFFIN.—On June 21, FRANK SAFFIN, aged 60, a member of Newport (Mon.) Branch. Elected 21.11.'41.

STRANGER.—On June 7, FRANCIS HENRY STRANGER, aged 57, a member of Plymouth Branch. Elected 10.3.'47.

TRUSS.—On June 1, GEORGE TRUSS, aged 72, a member of Deepings Branch. Elected 1.10.'37.

WEEKLEY.—On May 26, ALBERT EDWARD WEEKLEY, a member of Ripley Branch. Elected 31.5.'48.

WILKINS.—On June 4, SAMUEL JOHN WILKINS, aged 72, a member of South Benfleet Branch. Elected 25.5.'39.

In Memoriam: Lord Goschen

Lord Goschen from the first took a deep interest in the spread of Toc H in India and was well nigh a nursing father to it during his Governorship of Madras Province. When he and Lady Goschen came home they were often at All Hallows, where their son's memorial figured in a window of the north aisle. He also served the Family for some years as Chairman of the old South-Eastern Area and was appointed a Vice-President in 1932.

Northern Area Rally

"I have learned more about Toc H over the week-end than during the last two years."

"I feel that I want to get back to my Branch and do things."

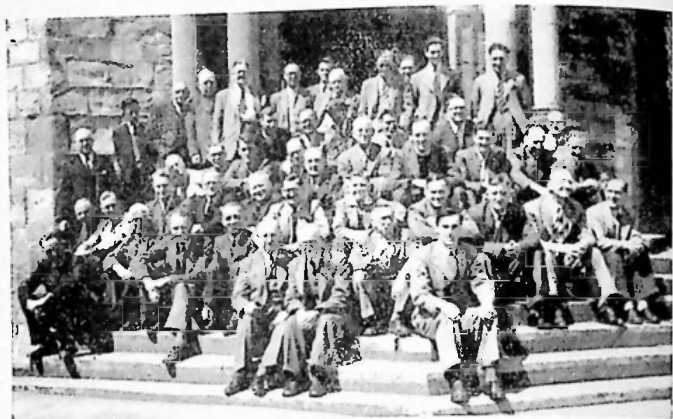
THESE and many other similar remarks by Toc H members were overheard at the end of the Northern Area Training Week-end held in Durham on July 12 and 13.

About fifty members had stayed in Durham Castle for the week-end after attending the Rally on the Saturday when over 300 people were present. The Rev. T. P. Brooks, a Congregational Minister, gave the sermon during the Rally Service of Thanksgiving and Re-dedication in the Elvet Methodist Church. He urged us to pray more and to use all of the talents with which we had been bestowed. We must always strive towards a full Christian life.

After tea in the Great Hall of Durham Castle, we all assembled in the Town Hall for the Evening Rally. A sing-song was followed by entertainment by local talent, after which new Lamps were presented to four Branches of Toc H and three of the Women's Association, which had been recognised during the previous months.

The lighting of forty lamps for the Ceremony of Light preceded the Speaker for the evening, G. J. Morley Jacob, lately Chairman of the Central Executive. He presented to us a formidable list of facts relating to divorce, prisons, poverty, church attendance and the like and then proceeded

to show how Toc H members could make their contribution to the well-being of fellow citizens through the formation of public opinion and the necessary action thereafter.



On the steps of Durham Castle. A between-sessions break

Whilst Toc H week-enders made their way to the Castle for supper, about thirty members of the Women's Association went to St. Hild's College where they started their own Training Week-end.

At the Castle, many informal discussions were taking place in the dormitories until the early hours and it was later understood that these covered many fields—religion, politics, Toc H in theory and practice, as well as many personal problems.

Sunday started with Corporate Communion followed by breakfast. The leader of the training sessions was Bob Purdy, Secretary of East Midlands Area who, in his usual forthright manner, spoke to us, in the morning on "Living Toc H" and in the afternoon on "Talking Toc H." Questions discussed by the various groups will provide material for Branch programmes for many months to come.

In a quiet garden, ablaze with the colour of July flowers, the Rev. John Wallis led us in homegoing prayers; and so we departed, for most of us until we meet next year, during which time we must put into practice all those things we learned during the week-end.

J.O.L.B.

MULTUM IN PARVO



☞ HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN HAS BEEN GRACIOUSLY PLEASED TO ACCEPT THE OFFICE OF PATRON OF TOC H.

☞ THE FOUNDER PADRE, accompanied by PETER SEYMOUR-PRICE, leaves by air for Australia on September 10. They will be visiting Toc H in each of the six Australian Areas in turn until December, when JULIAN BROOKE will go with TUBBY via New Zealand to the United States, returning home in April. PETER will be joined by his wife in Australia and will remain there as Area Secretary, New South Wales.

☞ The FESTIVAL of TOC H WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION will be held in London on October 25 and 26. The Patron, QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, will attend the Festival Evening which will be held at the Royal Albert Hall at 7 p.m., on the Saturday (Toc H Members wishing to attend should have applied for tickets, with a contribution of 7s. 6d. each, through a Women's Branch Secretary by September 1). On Sunday: Family Gathering at the Lyceum Theatre, 2.30 to 5.30 p.m., for Women Members and probationers only.

☞ OLIVER WILKINSON has been appointed an Area Secretary and will be taking the place of ERIC SAYWELL in the Oxford and Thames Valley Area.

☞ BEN MILES is now Area Secretary in Northern as well as Eastern London and GEORGE LEE becomes Western London Area Secretary this month in place of NORMAN HARGREAVES, who has completed his term on the Staff.

☞ JACK SHAW is leaving Scotland for the West Midlands, where for a year and a half STANLEY HOWARD has been Honorary Area Secretary.

☞ The Rev. CHRISTOPHER LOTON PARRY has been appointed to the Staff and will be going to Scotland.

☞ THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT will start in Glasgow on Thursday, December 11, the birthday of Toc H, and will be observed at 9 p.m. by local time in places west of Glasgow to the Pacific. Members in New Zealand and in places westward of there as far as Inverness, Aberystwyth and Plymouth in Great Britain will rightly take their part in turn at 9 p.m. on Friday, December 12, Tubby's birthday.



AFRICA, EAST AND WEST

DURING THE LAST TWO YEARS there have been several references to Toc H in East and West Africa. The point is that something very small, but mighty big, is happening there. It is small because there are only a couple of handfuls of people involved, *i.e.*, one group in Kampala, one in Lagos and an assortment of members and friends in Accra. It is big because, if things go well, Toc H for the first time in those territories will become rooted in the soil of the land and may therefore endure and increase in a manner previously unknown. Here in Uganda, Nigeria and the Gold Coast, Toc H is slowly gaining African interest. There are probably less than a dozen Africans so far enrolled as members or probationers, and their tutors, those who learnt Toc H in Britain, are about equal in numbers. Who can say what the future will be? The present can be gauged by the three news items under these headings:—

Uganda

This is from Len Bonnett, the late Secretary of Kampala:

It was difficult to find jobs small enough for the new group to tackle, yet without some action no increase in membership could be expected nor could hope of survival exist.

The first big job was the founding of a Boys' Club. Social clubs were running for adults but no clubs existed for boys. The Protectorate Government Welfare Department provided the funds for the necessary equipment and the club met in a hut at the Welfare Training Centre. About fifteen boys, reputedly between the ages of ten and fourteen years were the first members but soon all the boys in the area whether knee high or towering above the tallest member were claiming to be twelve years old.

One of the difficulties of increasing the African participation in the group was this factor of distance; very few Africans actually live in Kampala and the majority live up to fifteen miles out on their "shambas", coming to Kampala by cycle to work.

Sandwiches as a meal are virtually unknown to the African with a result that many of the Africans who work in Kampala have little or no food at midday during the hour-and-a-half long lunch "hour" but often spend the time wandering aimlessly through Kampala's streets. The group decided that here was a need which they could possibly meet in a small way and it was decided that provided suitable

premises could be found that a lunch club should be started. Premises were found when the group was fortunate to be allocated a block of four disused Government offices for its activities and the plans were made to found the club.

Twenty Africans from various jobs were the founder members of the Tuntu Club (*Tuntu* is midday in the local dialect) and a managing committee on which Toc H was represented was elected. Once again it was possible to get a grant from Government funds to provide the initial supply of furniture and other equipment and apart from a benevolent control of the club's finances by its Toc H treasurer the club was largely left to run itself. The results have been outstanding. Largely due to the work of the Chairman of the Management Committee, a Mr. Kintu, the club has thrived and expanded so that it was recently necessary to apply to the Government, successfully, for a larger room in which the club could meet. Membership is now over fifty and likely to go on expanding just as long as adequate premises can be found. The group hopes that further similar clubs may be started by them or by the Africans themselves before long. The activities of the Tuntu Club include lunchtime speakers and as a direct result of one of these talks about a dozen of the club's members became blood donors.

African members of the group regularly visit Mulago Hospital, the main Government Hospital for natives in Uganda with over eight hundred beds. There, magazines are distributed and the visitors chat with lonely patients, many of whom are hundreds of miles from their homes and completely out of touch with relations. Letters too, are frequently written for illiterate patients. Early in 1951, as a result of a Guest-night organised by the group, a Toc H Women's Association group was formed in Kampala and is now going strong. Joint meetings are occasionally held when a speaker of mutual interest is present or when some common problem is to be discussed but normally the two run as separate units, sharing the Toc H room but meeting on different nights.

Gold Coast

There is officially no group in Accra, but a report from Padre John Bardsley, recently of the Ridge Church and Achimota, tells of activity among members and friends:—

There was a Toc H unit in Accra from 1929 to 1946. At the end of 1950 a new group (still nameless) was formed with the determination that it would be inter-racial and find regular work to do for the community, two aims never previously achieved, and in the hope of becoming Toc H. By February, 1951, membership numbered six to eight, about equally divided between Africans and Europeans. We were meeting fortnightly and had found our work at Nima, a village of about two thousand people of mixed tribes on the outskirts of Accra. The place is a very *ad hoc* answer to an acute housing shortage. It has no beauty and few amenities. The mud houses have risen literally from the ground on which they stand. There is a Post Office and two small schools (Roman Catholic and Presbyterian Churches on Sunday), but no sanitation and no water nearer than a mile away.

The "Nima Volunteers" provided some protection against the many thieves until they became involved in a tribal scrap and were disbanded. Our group and some African members of the Red Cross Society have been running a First Aid clinic on Sunday afternoons with games for the children and, for a time, boxing lessons for boys. Our patients are mostly children with sores on legs or feet, some with burns, yaws (a tropical disease), V.D. and other diseases for which we take them to hospital. But for the clinic very few of them would receive any treatment. Sick children get little care or sympathy in Nima and the hospital out-patient department is very crowded. All our work has so far been done in the open street amid dust and flies for lack of a suitable room, but the people have now put up a building for our use—at least the walls were up in May (when I left) and, if they got the roof on before the rains, all is well. We see in this effort the dawn of civic sense in the village. The group is now down to six members and urgently needs reinforcing. Anyone going to Accra who will help (write to Mr. Joe Lartey, Red Cross Society) will have good companions in the work and give much happiness to the children.

In a letter to Harry Gudin, Warden of Mark IX, Bristol, a Gold Coast student now returned to Accra writes a sort of personal postscript to John Bardsley's account:—

I am missing Bristol a lot. For during two-and-a-half years' stay in England, I was happier and freer than all my lifetime put together in my own country. Over with you, I was always encompassed with friends and well-wishers, who were always ready to assist me in all ways. At School, I was always cheerful with full assurances and support and sympathetic reception and direction from my tutors, and at home I was welcomed whole-heartedly into the happy family of Toc H, Mark IX, being treated as equal and my colour was not made a bar. I shall never forget your kindness, either collectively or individually. For throughout my stay with you, all, without exception, contributed to make me feel at home. It was by so doing, that my mind was always at rest, that I could concentrate on my books. You are therefore either directly or indirectly instrumental to my success. I thank you ever so much.

A "P.P.S." from Charles Brownjohn of Guildford reads

A short article about the Gold Coast men selected by their Government for courses of training in this country was published in the March JOURNAL. It is of interest to note that during their initial fourteen days in this country spent at Farncombe near Godalming, the members of the Branch at Guildford made contact with each party (in the last two parties there were two or three women). These contacts took the form of a sing-song and talks with individuals. The Gold Coast chaps were very friendly and eager to learn about our way of life. All of them are now at Government Training Centres in various parts of the country and it is interesting to hear from Mr. Azu Mate, their Welfare Officer—a member of Toc H from Accra, that in a number of cases the Toc H Branch has followed up the initial contact at Guildford and Tower Hill and this is much appreciated by the men themselves. They do welcome friendship and an

invitation to our homes and perhaps a meal would also be much appreciated. Incidentally a few more are expected to arrive before the end of the year.

SCHOOLMASTERING IN BORNEO

Writing from St. Michael's School, Sandakan, British North Borneo. Kenneth Franklin, once of Eastbourne Branch, describes his work in a letter home.

First of all I must dispel any wrong ideas that we are living in the wildness of the Bornean jungles with headhunters and wild beasts on our doorstep. We are living under very civilised conditions—in many ways too civilised, we sometimes think, to justify our nomenclature of "missionaries". When we think of the men and women of the past—and many of today—who helped to spread the Gospel throughout the world, enduring untold difficulties and hardships, our life and work pales into luxurious insignificance—with our electricity, refrigerator, new house, etc. However this is the work we were asked to perform, and it is a joy to do it, whatever the conditions.

The School, over which I have control, may not look very much from outside—two very dilapidated buildings of wood and palm thatch—with rough floors, and old furniture; divided into classes by low wooden partitions. Within the confines of these buildings, however, my staff of six Chinese teachers, the District Officer's wife, my wife, our Priest, and I give an education to over three hundred boys, mainly Chinese, but with about fifteen Malays and one English—my son! The school covers the equivalent ground of the Primary School in England, together with the first three years in a Secondary Grammar School—*sans* the Science side—finishing at the moment with the boys taking Junior School Cert. The war made great havoc in this Colony—especially in Sandakan where every house except one in the town itself was destroyed—and the schools are only slowly recovering. Age means nothing at the moment, and presents no barrier to education; consequently, the average age of the pupils is high—we have many over twenty years of age, who are still not at the top of the school. The only schools run by the Government are for Malays and Natives, where the medium of instruction is Malay. Chinese schools are independent and all English education is in the hands of the Missions.

The supply of teachers is our main and constant worry, for as yet there are no facilities for the training of English- or Chinese-speaking teachers in this Colony. In order to build up the standard of education, we must have trained teachers. Would that more teachers from home would find their calling in giving a few years to education here! Would that the Government gave us a larger grant so that we could offer that little incentive to them! Now if there is someone who wishes to come and teach . . . just ask him to write, that's all!

It is a matter of the greatest interest to members that Kenneth and his family went to Borneo in July last year in response to an appeal made in the JOURNAL by the Bishop, himself a member of long standing.

G.M.

Festival in Manchester

ON SATURDAY, JUNE 21, Manchester gave its guests—and they came from at least as far as Cumberland and Weston-super-Mare—a typical welcome. For not only did its first citizens, the Lord Mayor and his Lady, offer them warm greetings, but the rain fell upon the just and upon the unjust (if any), now in a drizzle, now in a downpour, without damping anyone's spirits. And spirits were high: there was no half-heartedness about any of these Festival hours.

Noble setting

In the afternoon members converged upon Manchester Cathedral, where the worst of the structural damage from the blitz has been gallantly tackled. The rich interior of warm red sandstone (the exterior is as black as—Manchester) provided a noble setting for a large congregation of men and women members and friends and for a long procession of Toc H banners which opened the service.

Special service

The form of service had been specially composed for the occasion but, in response to general appreciation, is being reprinted for wider use in our Family. Its characteristics are robust and familiar hymns—'Holy, Holy, Holy'; 'Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven'; 'Now thank we all our God'; 'Come, down, O Love Divine'; and 'Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim'—and short prayers or sentences by the Padre, with responses by the congregation. There is a period of silence near the end, broken at intervals by spoken phrases—

I will be true, for I am trusted.

I will be pure, for there are those who care.

I will be strong, for there is much to suffer.

I will be brave, for there is much to venture.

I will be loving, for there is great need.

I will be giving—and forget the gift.

I will be humble, for I know my weakness.

For I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.

Padre Norman Motley preached a stirring sermon on the text "Art thou he that should come or wait we for another?"—applying this question to Toc H itself.

Varied fare

The congregation then streamed down the wet streets to an excellent high tea in various restaurants, and reassembled at 7 p.m. in the Houldsworth Hall to the tune of well over a thousand. For a start Norman Kingston led free-and-easy singing in no uncertain tones on the organ, and then Colin Campbell (Chairman, Manchester Area Executive) took charge from the platform. He was supported by the Lord Mayor (Alderman Douglas Gosling), Tubby and 'Ajax' (Rev. A. J. Costain). The first of these welcomed Toc H to the City and spent the rest of the evening with his audience in obvious enjoyment. The second took 'Light' with the silver Lamp, dedicated to the memory of Lord Plumer, which had been brought from its resting-place in York Minster. The third enjoyed himself as much as he charmed his audience as Guest Speaker. For 'Ajax', more than most men, knows the secret, common in Toc H from its earliest days, of being riotously funny at one minute and in deadly earnest the next. And the audience, which had been 'on its toes' since the Festival opened, did not miss any point of his, grave or gay.

Everyday Gospel

After a short interval the final event of the evening was a play, *Holy Family*, by R. H. Ward. This was not, as its title might suggest, a Nativity Play in the old convention, but a parable using the main events leading up to Bethlehem and on to the Crucifixion and applying them to human family life and everyday work. If the Divine events were told mainly in the words of the Gospel, the rest was presented in modern, often colloquial, language. The simplest possible means were used—less than a dozen actors (John Hunter and his friends), no scenery and no 'props' beyond half a dozen rough wooden stools, no 'costumes' but the men in dungarees or sweaters, the women in shawls or (the Archangel Gabriel) in slacks. There was much verse-speaking in chorus, a difficult art beautifully carried out, and a simplicity of action and intensity of speech which held the audience throughout and sometimes deeply moved them. Putting this play on for a Festival evening may be reckoned a risky experiment but the general opinion was that it was very well justified. The performance ended, by request, without applause, and as the

actors retired the Chairman at once took the platform and conducted short Family Prayers.

So officially ended the Festival of 1952. Next morning however, a good many members were again in Manchester Cathedral to hear Tubby preach. After that many of them visited Mark IV, Victoria Park, and Mark XIV, Salford, where Tubby and the Bishop of Middleton, among others, lunched with the Marksmen. And so home, far or near, with true thanksgiving for yet another memorable Toc H weekend.
B.B.

'Outside' Activity

FROM ALL OVER THE PLACE many reports have reached the JOURNAL telling of Toc H 'Outside' activities this summer. All too often, unfortunately, the amount of space available in these pages prevents even their bare 'mention' but room must be made for one Branch's record. Within a matter of four weeks, taking no account of time occupied with the preliminary preparations, Mill Hill Branch staged a Garden Party, shared in a Charity Cricket Match (Stage, Screen and Radio Stars v. Local Cricket Clubs) and took a very active part in the week's festivities at the big Hendon Show, organised by their Borough Council.

For the Garden Party, held on July 12, over 2,400 programmes were sold before the day. This is an annual event and whilst final results are not yet available the organisers are confident that a sum of £200 will have been raised for the Mill Hill Film Unit. In the three years since it was formed this Unit has given more than 330 shows to bedridden folk and Orphanages, and the heavy cost of hiring films for one year amounts to £400.

The Cricket Match a fortnight later, on July 27, attracted even wider interest, for in addition to the 6,000 spectators it was televised in the B.B.C. News Reel on two days in the following week, the accompanying commentary mentioning Toc H. The Press, both local and national, also gave considerable space to the event.

At the August week Show, held in Hendon Park, the Branch were allotted a tent where for six days the Film Unit used its projector to show films on Civil Defence, Horticulture and so on. (*Had there been a Toc H film in existence they*



The Stars team relax: Back row, standing, left to right: Desmond Walter Ellis, Mike Pepper, Peter Haigh. Centre row (seated): Edmundo Ros, MacDonald Hohley, Richard Hearne, Jon Pertwee, Sidney Tafler. Front: Jack Rich, Wynford Vaughan Thomas

would certainly have shown that, too! Ed.) Within the tent a Toc H Display stand attracted considerable notice. Throughout the week, members also acted as stewards in other parts of the Show and on the Bank Holiday one Toc H man filled the rôle of commentator to an audience of 15,000.

In sending a report on these 'outside' activities, the Branch Secretary added a brief postscript "We are not neglecting the essentials—Builders up from 5 to 21 in six months". Good show! F.G.C.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS FETE

The Toc H Fête organised by Tunbridge Wells District and held at "Dunorlan", Park, Tunbridge Wells on Saturday, June 14, was a grand effort. All units concerned worked with a will and their labours were rewarded with an attendance approaching 15,000 people. After expenses have been met, the Family Purse and benevolent work undertaken by the local Branches will benefit to the tune of over £700.

This communal job has become more and more solidly established as a vital part of the social life in the town and district and the local populace look to Toc H each year to provide them with a fête which is out of the ordinary. C.M.T.



CLUES TO UNDERSTANDING

The Gospels translated into modern English. By J. B. Phillips. (Geoffrey Bles, 12s. 6d.).

Those who have used the Rev. J. B. Phillips' *Letters to Young Churches* will have awaited eagerly his translations of the Gospels. In the preface attention is drawn to the difficulty of translating the original Greek text without being in bondage to the beautiful cadences of the Authorised Version. It is because the language of that version is archaic, and often obscure, that the work of fresh translators is so valuable.

Mr. Phillips' 'Gospels' read like the work of one who has succeeded in forgetting the old, familiar language, rather than one who is trying to illuminate the old by altering a number of words and phrases. I have read through St. Luke to get the total impression made by this Gospel. I read aloud, almost with fear the account of the walk to Emmaus—truly one of the most beautiful stories ever told. I was moved by the vividness of a translation which has lost nothing of its beauty.

"So He went indoors with them. *Then it happened!* While He was sitting at the table with them He took the loaf, gave thanks, broke it and passed it to them. Their eyes opened wide and they knew Him! But He vanished even while they stared at Him."

I wish I could make a copy of this translation available to every Toc H unit library. Any member who is able to provide one for the use of his own Branch will perform a useful service. How tragic it is if members of Toc H who talk so much about the Christian Family, know more about Tubby and Barkis than they do about Jesus.

The Christianity of Main Street. By Theodore Wedel. (Macmillan 7s. 6d.).

This is an attempt to waken Christians to the danger of substituting a vague Christian humanism for the message of Jesus. The author is not pleading for an uncritical approach to the Bible and the Faith and he is fair in his presentation of points of view from which he dissents. "The clue", he

says, "to an understanding of the Christianity of faith and creed is the recognition that the story on which Christianity is founded is a drama about God." Even myth and legend can be the bearer of God's message to men. He spoke through fallible men. The news that Jesus brought to the world was good news about God. In the Bible God Himself is always in action!

H.L.

AMBASSADOR OF HEALING

Ida S. Scudder of Vellore. By Mary Pauline Jeffrey. (Friends of Vellore, Annandale, North End Road, N.W.11. Paper cover 6s. 0d., Boards 8s. 6d., plus postage 9d.).

In a little room measuring only eight feet by twelve a young American missionary set up her medical practice. The year was 1900 and the place Vellore in the Madras Presidency. What less conspicuous start could there have been for the wonderful tale of tremendous enterprise and highest endeavour that has since caused the name of Dr. Scudder to become world renowned!

Her story is told in this biography, with great detail and a wealth of impressive pictures, by one who took a considerable share in the pioneer work of an international 'Ambassador' whose life of service has brought so great a measure of health and joy to others.

F.G.C.

SELF-PORTRAIT

In a well-produced little book, *Father to Son* (Wilding & Son, 33, Castle Street, Shrewsbury. 10s.), a son, Alan Stevens, raises a beautiful memorial to his father Philip Guy Stevens, a Toc H Central Councillor and a keen member at Swansea, where he was a prison officer, and later at Shrewsbury, where he was Governor of the Gaol. The book is made up of extracts from the letters, over many years, of the father to the son which touch on many facets of a rich life—a penetrating love of Nature, of painting (which he practised) and music, a great love of human kind, including men under his charge behind bars, and a deep, sometimes unconventional, Christian faith. The writer had a gift of words and with them builds up, unconsciously, a picture of himself, steady and sturdy, lively and loving, humorous and humble, which cannot fail to attract any sympathetic reader.

B.B.

BRANCH BRIEFS

◆ The second annual sheep-dog trials organised by CRAIGYDON (Llandudno) attracted more entries than last year and nearly 1,400 spectators.

◆ A Guest-night for students has been arranged by ABERYSTWYTH for Thursday, October 16. Members are asked to send names and addresses of any students going to Aberystwyth University next term direct to: A. E. Endell, "Ceiriog" Cliff Terrace, Aberystwyth, Cardiganshire.

◆ A day's outing to the seaside for patients from a Stockport hospital was the result of a combined operation carried out by SOUTHPORT and STOCKPORT.

◆ Mayors of three Boroughs attended the garden party held in July, in the grounds of "The Holme", Regents Park, in aid of the Marks' Appeal and BELRA.

◆ Play at an evening cricket match SOMERTON v. WALTON, held at Walton, was stopped by bad light when the visitors were six runs behind their opponents.

◆ Broadcast commentaries from Bristol City and Bristol Rovers home soccer matches to patients in eight hospitals are the result of a plan put forward by BRISTOL.

◆ The annual camp organised by MANCHESTER for 200 of the city's poorest children was opened at St. Annes by the comedian, Dave Morris.

◆ Collection of discarded spectacles for the Christian Medical College in Vellore, India, made by a PLYMOUTH member, goes merrily on. Since notice appeared in the JOURNAL (March, 1950), some 7,000 pairs have already been sent and more will be welcomed by: Percy Craig, 31, Saltash Street, Plymouth, Devon.

◆ FAKENHAM began a recent meeting with a visit to the cemetery and clearing-up eighteen prisoner-of-war graves.

◆ The tale of a composite Branch called "Gobbleston" (told in the JOURNAL, Oct., 1950) led to the forming of "Bestwick" on similar lines by COALVILLE District. (see JOURNAL, July, 1951). A further development, the creation of "Holdem" by HUDDERSFIELD District, has proved so successful that it is being continued this winter.



Open

HUSTINGS

The Editor welcomes letters on all matters concerning Toc H. For reasons of space the right is reserved to shorten letters received, but every effort is made to print a representative selection.

Branch Banners

DEAR EDITOR.

At the recent Festival in Manchester I had a look at many of the Branch Banners. Some of them were magnificent and I thought of the stories which must lie behind them. I spoke to a banner bearer from a Yorkshire Branch who told me that their home town had no arms and their Branch had chosen for emblem a local Cross. When the banner was completed the local Council were so pleased with the result that they adopted the Branch's design as the local corporate arms.

There must be other stories. I would like to suggest, if space could be found, that the JOURNAL invites Branches to submit short articles, illustrated if possible, on the story behind their banners—say 100-150 words—so that the articles could run as a series.

FRED H. JOHNSON.

Sale, Cheshire.

Deed of Covenant.

DEAR EDITOR.

Jack Harrison's figures in "Half Time Score" (July JOURNAL) are striking. "Of 20,000 members, 145 have signed Deeds of Covenant for a part of their self-assessment payments".

My experience has shown that most of our members haven't a clue what a Deed of Covenant is and how it works. When they understand how Toc H can benefit by this method of giving I believe they will respond. Will someone explain in the JOURNAL (non-Inland Revenue language please) with simple examples?

BILL CAIN.

Blackpool.

[Easier said than done. The details are complicated but a full explanation has been sent out by Jack Harrison to all Area Treasurers, who should be in a position to answer the queries of any member in their Area.—Ed.]

Council Candidates

DEAR EDITOR.

When Branches are called upon to vote for aspirants to the Central Council it is not uncommon to find that the candidates are not all known to the members. Therefore there is a danger that votes will be given to candidates in order of familiarity rather than in order of merit.

The South London Area, with eight candidates for two seats, arranged a hustings meeting at which these candidates were "on parade"—almost literally in fact, as they appeared hung with enormous name plates before a large gathering of members from

the majority of Branches in the Area.

An election spirit was engendered by appropriate readings by Frank Foster, and Gerry Hayes, also of the Central Executive, spoke of the work of the Central Council. The eight victims then each picked a question from the hat and spoke on it for three minutes. For two more minutes, the matter was discussed among the whole panel of eight. The questions were chosen because of their import to Toc H today and some excellent and controversial speeches resulted.

We feel in South London that we shall know our Councillors and they will know that they were chosen fairly and squarely by the electorate if the men who attended the meeting reported faithfully to their units: May the best men win!

R. W. CLARKE.

Wallington, Surrey.

Public Opinion

DEAR EDITOR,

I am a member of two years' standing and believe Toc H offers a solution to many of our problems but I am disappointed that it has so little general appeal, even to its own members. Instead of enthusiasm we find that constant effort is required to balance our budget and to prevent existing members from fading away.

I am of the opinion that Ranald has put his finger on the spot, when he talks of our lack of influence on public opinion. We live in a sorely perplexed world with major problems confronting every one of us, but Toc H is not facing up to them as it should.

Toc H should not become political but it cannot escape the major political problems of the day: the class war that will destroy this country eventually; the need to increase production and put the industrial facts of life before the nation; the colour problem in Africa and elsewhere; the gambling problem and so on.

What shall we start on? What better course than the Central African Federation proposals? A working-party should be set up to consider how Toc H can place the facts before the electorate. Each Branch could provide the facilities for public debate and this would be a worthy cause to sponsor.

Another party might consider what contribution Toc H could make in the field of industrial relations—the king-pin of our economic fight for existence.

Yet a further subject for action, for which Toc H is eminently suited, is the active employment of our National Servicemen so that their period of service may be turned to their benefit and that of the State instead of causing moral deterioration as so often happens.

On gambling, I feel we must be realists. It has come to stay and our concern is whether any good can come out of it. Let us then, not abandon our knocking of doors, our begging for alms and our fellowship, but give some thought to the problems of the day that can be solved by the application of Toc H principles.

JIMMY SHENWIN.

Coulsdon, Surrey.